

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

VOLUME 25

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Mr. Platt has gone into permanent retirement, but against his will, however.

It will not prove a good year for resigning, nor a very good one for vindications.

The Republicans in the New York Legislature have an excellent opportunity to completely up-set the Democrats, and that is to unite their strength and elect two Republican Senators.

The public has heard a great deal of Seymour Truth of late, and it may be interesting to add that he is lecturing in Michigan at the age of 106. She proposes to make the greatest effort of her life as it may be her last opportunity.

It is no more than justice to say that no American concert singer ever made so successful a tour of Europe as Miss Emma Thursby. In all the capitals of Europe, and in the principal cities of Germany, Austria, and the Rhine, she has sung with splendid success. On Sunday evening, May 29, she sang at the opera house at Madrid before the King and Queen and a brilliant court audience. The King and Queen were so well pleased with the singing of Miss Thursby, that she was invited to hold a special audience with them on the following day. Like Kellogg, she is exceedingly popular at home and abroad, and while Kellogg excels her as an operatic singer, Miss Thursby stands among the foremost concert singers of the age.

It is reported Francis Murphy, the temperance orator, will be licensed to preach by the Illinois conference this fall. Francis Murphy is a remarkable man. It has not been a dozen years yet, since he was a criminal in jail. It has not been that long since he caused the death of his wife by drink and poverty. It was not until he saw in his sober moments while in jail, the enormity of his crime, that he firmly resolved to reform. When he was released, he took the pledge, became a sober man, and to-day the name of Francis Murphy is a name honored on both sides of the Atlantic. He has done much good by his speeches. He has a practical way of working and an earnest way of talking, which have a great influence over the intemperate. He has reformed thousands both in Europe and America, and still he is going on with the good work.

It will soon become a serious question as to what must be done with the graduates of West Point and the Naval Academy. Already they are turning out more graduates than the government has power to utilize, and what to do with them will not be an easy matter to settle. As to the surplus which are early graduating from Annapolis, the board of visitors say: "In the opinion of the board it is necessary that only enough cadets shall graduate from the Naval Academy to make good the annual waste of the navy, and that Congress should, by careful legislation, provide against the accumulation of midshipmen and cadet engineers to grow old in those inferior grades, to the manifest injury of the naval service, its discipline, and its usefulness." The same difficulty exists at West Point, and still the number of surplus cadets is annually increasing. Congress will be compelled to take some action in regard to this matter soon, and undoubtedly many who have graduated with the expectation of being "well fixed" for life, will be disappointed.

There is a significant difference between the salaries paid the Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the French Republic and those of the United States. The representative at St. Petersburg gets \$50,000 a year, while the American minister gets only \$17,500. The French Ambassador at London has \$12,000 annually, but he who goes to the Court of St. James from the United States, gets but \$17,500. At Vienna, the French minister gets \$21,000, and the American, \$12,000. The same difference exists in all the diplomatic salaries paid by the two governments. While the United States is the richest and most powerful nation on the globe, it pays smaller salaries to its public servants than any prosperous government in the world. The United States government is not to be blamed for this, though in many instances the comparative smallness of the salaries paid members of the President's cabinet, and the representatives to foreign countries has been held up as a humiliation.

The Racine Journal comes out in a very strong fashion for Captain E. T. Timme, of Kenosha, for Secretary of State. There is no doubt that Captain Timme is one of the most deserving men in the State, in more ways than one. As to his qualifications, the Journal says:

Captain Timme can most worthily fill all the requirements. He has received a thorough education, and is efficient, energetic, and alert as a whole-souled gentleman as there is in the State. A favorite with the German community, he possesses many warm personal friends in all nationalities.

The Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph has always been a warm friend of Captain Timme, and is urging his nomination by the Republican convention with an earnestness and enthusiasm which shows that there is still a warm attachment between the old soldiers. It says:

Captain E. G. Timme, the well known one-armed soldier of Kenosha, is very likely to secure the nomination for Secretary of State. It would be like old times to see an empty sleeve in that department.

State have followed the Racine Journal and the Sunday Telegraph in pronouncing for Captain Timme.

There has come over Thomas Nast, the famous and incomparable artist, a remarkable change during the past year. There was a time, and that lasted for many years, when to him it would have been a gross and personal insult to have spoken of General Grant in any other terms than those of profound reverence; and to have caricatured him would simply be making mockery of the greatest captain and the noblest man of modern times. Nast's estimate of Grant was something wonderful, but the whirligig of time produces marvelous changes and strange results. Since General Grant has taken the stump for Conkling, and has made an open war on the administration for not keeping his brother-in-law in a fat office, Mr. Nast has taken the liberty to make some powerful caricatures of the General. His latest, and one which is strikingly telling, is the headless body of Mr. Conkling with Grant behind trying to put on the head of the ex-Senator, but unable to accomplish the feat; and behind is poor Platt walking with his own head under his arm. When it came to decide between right and wrong, Mr. Nast was in honor bound to stand by the right and was compelled therefore to break with his old friend, General Grant. There is no man in this country who has a keener insight into the political situation than Tommy Nast, and his cartoons are more powerful than the greatest speeches.

Dr. Charles W. Purdy, an English physician, who recently delivered an address in Chicago, on the cost of American funerals, made some statements which are being pretty severely criticised by the American press. He condemns costly English funerals as well as extravagant funerals in this country, but his comparisons are not good, and not in keeping with this enlightened age. He strongly advocates cremation simply from an economic point of view. He has figured out the cost of funerals, tombstones, and monuments in this country, for 1880, and says, with a good deal of astonishment, that the amount is equal to the liabilities of all the commercial failures in the United States for the same year. On an average, he says, "funerals cost annually more money in this country than the value of the combined gold and silver yield of the United States in the year 1880. The population of the Christian world, in round numbers, is about 400,000,000 people, a little less than one-third the population of the entire earth. At the average cost of burying the dead in the United States, the Christian world would expend annually for funerals, \$800,000,000, at a safe estimate. Let this annual expenditure of money be saved, with its accrued interest at 6 per cent. for a trifle over twenty years, and it would pay off the combined National debts of the world." Yet people will bury the dead in a manner befitting a prosperous and an enlightened nation, will put up tombstones and erect monuments, and pay off the National debt beside.

The circus has not lost its drawing power. It is as great to-day as ever, and probably greater, and it would be idle to speculate as to the time when the circus will have lost its ability to turn the country upside down, and transform a city from business sobriety to thronged streets, enthusiasm, and a gala day appearance. There is no other amusement attraction that can do this. There is nothing in the long list of entertainments that will set the people astir so completely as the old-time circus. The name of a circus proprietor and managers is becoming a household word, and his influence over the minds of the masses is greater than that of the most famous political orator or moral reformer. On Friday, when Adam Forepaugh brought his 15 elephants, his prettiest woman in the world, his mammoth menagerie, and celebrated circus to Janesville, he fairly set the people wild. They came by rail; they came by teams; they came on foot, and in fact they came every way, and from all directions, and from far and near to see the show. They came early and staid all day. They came by hundreds which swelled into thousands before noon, and no public event however important or historic, could have drawn better. They went to the show in the afternoon and completely filled the menmoth pavilion. They went again in the evening, in the midst of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, and had lots of fun. If all the great tragedies of the past and present, whose names will always shine in history, if all the famous legends that have blest the world—those who have gone and those who are still with us—would advertise to come to Janesville or any other city and combine their marvelous powers which together have startled the world, they could not draw like a modern circus. The powerful tragic acting of a Forrest or a McCready, the matchless notes of a Jenny Lind or of a lamented Parepa Rosa, whose voices have shaken two continents, could not produce the enthusiasm among the people and draw the number that the circus did on Friday! This may be incomprehensibly singular, but it is nevertheless true, and looking at the question as fairly and as good naturedly as we may, it will yet strike us as being a strange commentary on our intelligence and civilization.

The Howe Scale Co., enlarged their works twice last year to meet the demand. BORDEN, SELLER & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

War-Like Reports from the Pah Ute Indian Country.

A Party of Blood-Thirsty Utes Massacre a Ranchman and His Herders.

The Settlers in the Blue Mountains Terribly Worked Up Against the Savages.

Couriers are Sent Out Calling the Settlers to Arms Against the Utes.

The Troops are Powerless to Control the Excited Frontiersmen.

The Presidential Party Enjoying Themselves on the Beach at Long Branch.

A Quarrel Between the Depew and Wheeler Factions at Albany.

The Poet, John G. Saxe, Slowly but Surely Wasting Away.

A Lucky Railway Smashup Near Eau Claire Last Night.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

PAH UTES.

They Attack and Murder John Thurman and His Ranchmen, at Blue Mountains.

DENVER, Col., June 24.—If the reports received here to-day be true, a Ute war is inevitable. General Heffernan, who has been acting as guide for the troops deployed in the southwestern border of the State, has arrived at Durango, bringing news of one of the bloodiest and most disastrous encounters between the whites and Indians that has occurred on the frontier for years. The causes and details are as follows:

On the way a band of Pah Utes, a tribe comprised of renegade bucks from the several tribes, having their home in the Sierra La Sal, and Blue Mountains of Utah, attacked the ranch of John Thurman, on the Dolores river, and murdered the owner and two cattle herders, mutilating their bodies so they were scarcely recognizable. The fiendish massacre worked the settlers up to a fearful state of excitement, and a war was feared. Troops were dispatched to the scene, General Heffernan acting as guide. Arrived at Maroon, it was learned that the settlers were organizing to march upon the Indians. Couriers had been sent to all the settlements to incite the inhabitants to war, and so successful had been the result that the troops were powerless to avert the trouble. Beside murdering the three men, the Indians had raided the Maroon Valley and stolen 150 head of stock, the capture of which was one of the motives of the proposed campaign. From Maroon, Company G, of the Thirtieth infantry, a mounted detail, advanced by way of Chicken Creek to O'Donnell's Ranch, in the Sierra Abajo, and went into camp. O'Donnell's cabin and that of a settler were found abandoned and rilled of their contents. Here the troops awaited the coming of the settlers.

PENSIONS.

The New Commissioner The Available Funds.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Colonel Dudley, the new commissioner of pensions, will enter upon his duties the first of July under favorable auspices. The soldiers of the country have long insisted that they should be represented in the pension office. They seem to be satisfied with the appointment of Colonel Dudley, as communications received here recently show. It was reported to-day that the fund for the payment of pensions was exhausted, and that it would be necessary to postpone all further payments until after the beginning of the next fiscal year, when the few appropriations will become available. It was stated at the interior department this afternoon that this is not true, but it is known that the demands upon the fund have been so large that it has been deemed expedient to make very light payments until the beginning of the new fiscal year.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

LA CROSSE, June 21.—Last evening a young man by the name of Charles Russell boarded the western passenger train of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway at Portage, without a ticket, and when questioned by Conductor Green it was ascertained that he was one of the Hellard and Demott circus troupe who were engaged in the row at Saginaw, Michigan, a few days ago, in which a man was killed, and others seriously hurt. Sheriff Buttle, of this city, was on the train, and Conductor Green made the facts known to him, and young Russell was immediately brought to this city until a notice had been sent the sheriff of Saginaw county, and he sent back a reply to hold Russell, who was charged with murder, saying he would come at once and get the prisoner.

LONG BRANCH.

Delegs of the President and the People There with Him—The Editors. LONG BRANCH, June 24.—After two hours' consultation with Secretaries Windom and Hunt and Postmaster Gen-

eral James, this morning, President Garfield accompanied Mrs. Garfield in a drive through Deal Beach and Asbury Park. During the day Collector Merritt, General Van Vliet, ex-Congressman Murphy, Mr. Grier, of Pennsylvania, and Senator McPherson, of New Jersey called on the President. Col. Rockwell, the President's secretary, says the President may return to Washington to-morrow, at any rate Monday, and will rejoin Mrs. Garfield here a few days later. Visiting members of the Tennessee press association were given a reception to-day by the Pennsylvania editorial association, whose guests the Southern editors have been since yesterday. The Tennesseans started in the afternoon for home via Baltimore and Washington.

DEPEW AND WHEELER.

A Quarrel Between the Depew and Wheeler Factions at Albany.

NEW YORK, June 24.—The Commercial Advertiser's Albany special has the following. The quarrel between the Depew and Wheeler factions begins to be more distinctly developed. There are some members who, in view of the contingency of \$1,000 offered to Bradley by Sessions in care of Depew's election, in addition to the \$2,000 cash drawn for his immediate vote, are suspiciously eager to keep Depew ahead of Wheeler and to have Depew elected first. The Wheeler men understand all this, and are equally resolved, although from more honest motives than probably affect the Depew side, that Depew shall not get the start and obtain an election while Wheeler has a chance. They know very well that this would destroy the prospects of the ex-Vice President, and they know that it is a trick, intended to do so. When Mr. Wheeler was here he was reported to have counseled the immediate election of Depew. This was a false statement. Mr. Wheeler did nothing of the kind. What he did say was that, in the interests of the party, no election ought to be attempted by a snap game or be procured by unfair means or corruption, but that a compromise ought to be made on one stalwart and one half-breed, so that the two wings of the party, now divided, might unite.

JOHN G. SAXE.

NEW YORK, June 24.—The poet, John G. Saxe, has become such a confirmed hypochondriac that no one is able to convince him that he is not a hopeless invalid. Since the death of his daughter no one can influence him, and accordingly he is a troublesome patient to his physician, Dr. Wanderlich. "I have never encountered a more obstinate man," says the doctor. "He sits in a room all day long grieving over the loss of his power as a poet, and imagining he is the greatest sufferer. I cannot detect he is physically any worse than one of his age would naturally be supposed to be. His ailment is chiefly mental, and his mind has assumed a most painful hypochondriacal hue. He imagines that he cannot eat anything yet. He consumes an amount of food and then he thinks he is wasting away in flesh, but I cannot detect he is growing thinner. I sometimes think he is gaining flesh. He does not go out of his room, and cannot be coaxed or driven to take exercise. I think if he would take plenty of exercise, with a change of scene of his daily life, and seek communications who would divert his mind from himself, he would recover his animal spirits, and be like the brilliant, witty man he once was. The melancholy which stole upon him after the death of his daughter was greatly enhanced when he attempted to do some literary work, and found that his pen faltered and that his thoughts were weak. On the day of the funeral of his daughter, Hattie, Sunday, June 5, many of his old friends attended the services expecting to catch a glimpse of him. But he did not leave his room, and could not be induced to ride to the cemetery. The disease which had seized Saxe has so clouded his mind as to shut out all of the pleasures of life, and there is no glimpse in his talk of the wit of other days."

SMASHUP.

Eau Claire, June 24.—The Chicago express on the Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha, was badly wrecked at Sunnyside, four miles from Eau Claire, this evening. Six passengers and three baggage cars were derailed. Singularly no persons were injured.

"When I publicly testified that I had been cured of a terrible skin humor by the Cuticura Remedies, I did so with the idea that I might be cured and do not regret the time given to answering inquiries"—Hon. William Taylor, Boston.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The most wonderful case on record.

A Relic of the War.

A bombshell, doubtless fired by the Federals during the late war, was found by the person or persons of some southerner, came near doing its destructive work in Capt. H. S. Freeman's saw mill, the other day. The circular saw was plowing through a large white oak log, perhaps the hardest wood that grows in our forests, when it struck a still harder substance, which broke its teeth and suddenly stopped its progress. Upon examination they found buried in the stock, to the depth of at least eight inches, a large percussion bombshell, which, according to the calculation of those familiar with the growth of timber, had been there sixteen or seventeen years, and the tree had grown over it until there was but a light scar left. Fortunately, the saw struck the shell, which still contained its load, so as to cause no explosion.

Evils to be Avoided.

Over-eating is in one sense as productive of evil as intemperance in drinking. Avoid both, and keep the blood purified with Burdock Blood Bitters, and you will be rewarded with robust health and an invigorated system. Price \$1; trial size 10 cents.

THE HUMAN HAIR.

How to Preserve and Beautify It.

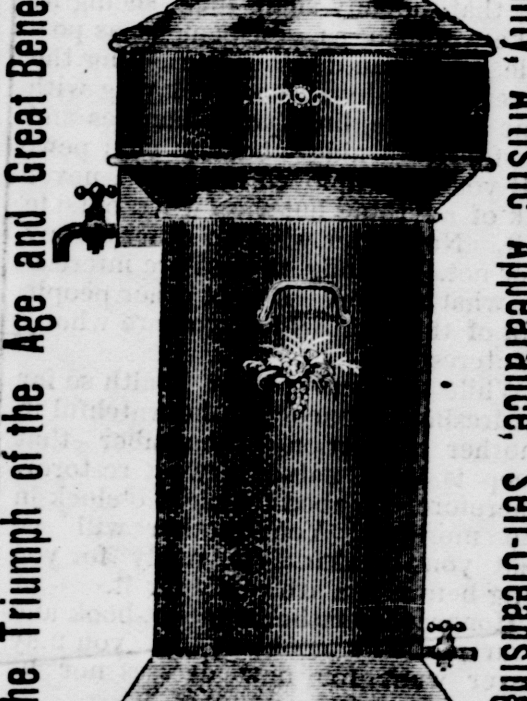
Many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with caustic waxes and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. BURNETT'S COCOAINE, a compound of Coconut Oil, etc., is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth.

Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, for they are the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Stevens Upward

Duration, Artistic Appearance, Self-Cleansing.



Thus avoiding frequent repacking, and delivering water after filtration, above sediment and filtering material. It is made of heavy galvanized iron, has a reservoir for ice if you wish, and is easily moved. One was sent to W. G. Wheeler, the Crookery Dealer, last year, and Mr. S. Hayner (Dimock & Hayner) took it on trial. The result was so satisfactory and exceedingly pleasing, filling the bill perfectly that a stock was ordered and the Filters are now at Wheeler's Crookery Store and can be bought on approval. Large arrivals of Fruit Jars, Bird Cages, Lawn Vases, Hammocks, Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers and a few Jewett Refrigerators left, at special prices.

For Furniture

Of Every Description such as PARLOR SETS, DINING ROOM and KITCHEN FURNITURE, Wool and Hair Mattresses, SPRING BEDS, CAMP CHAIRS, RATTAN ROCKERS, GO TO

Mr. Hanson & Co.

They also offer to the Public

Wood and Marble Top Chamber Suites.

From their own Factory at prices which defy competition in the entire State. Bear of First National Bank.

M. HANSON & CO.

SPECIALTIES!

SPECIALTIES

AT

ROBERTS'

DRUG STORE.

Brush and Comb Cases, Dressing Cases, Cologne Bottles, Colognes and Extracts for the Hair and Kerchio, Chamois-skins, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Prepared Bird-Seed, Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chamois-skin Jackets

COR. MAIN and MILWAUKEE STS.

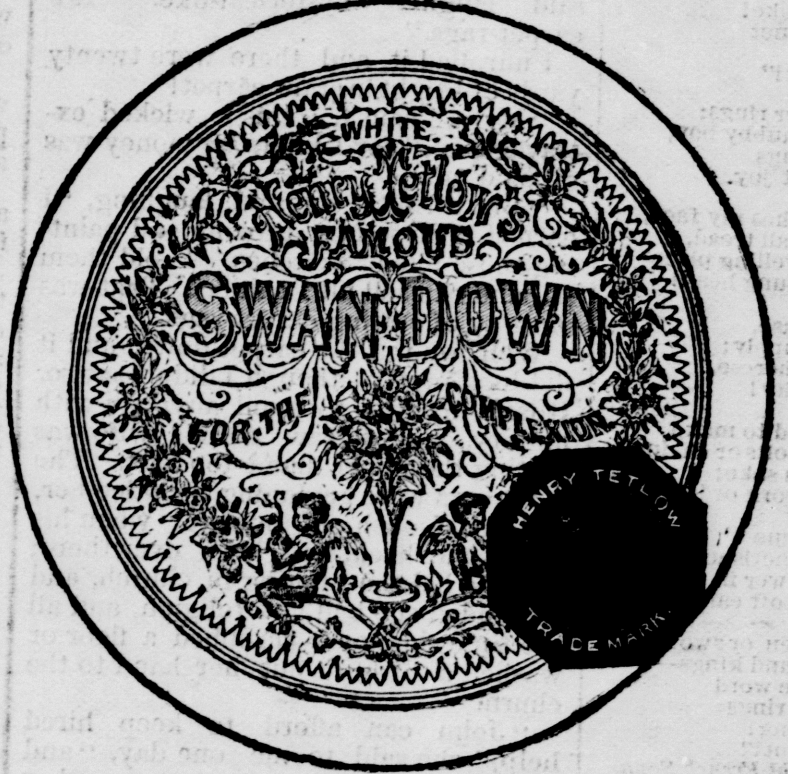
For Sale!

A Fine Residence, situated inside of city limits; finished in the most improved modern style; stationary wash-stands and bath tub, wash tub with hot and cold water in each. House lighted with gas. Cistern and well, latter surrounded with wind-mill and 30-barrel tank, which furnishes a high pressure of water for fountain purposes. Fifteen acres of fine wood land, laid out in drives and walks, surround residence that possess natural drainage and foliage. The land well fenced and in good order. Out-buildings consist of a fence house, wood house, stable, barn, and henry. This property will be sold reasonable and upon easy terms. Inquire of address, J. H. KINNEY, Janesville, Wis.

Notice to Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Savings Bank will be held at the office of the bank on Saturday, July 9th, 1881, at 10 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing directors and officers for the ensuing year. H. G. RICHWALL, Cashier. Janesville, June 10th, 1881.

Blank Deeds and Mortgages



Speaking of Carpets!

SMITH & BOSTWICK

HAVE NOW ON

EXHIBITION

The Largest and Most Extensive Stock of

CARPETS!

Ever before shown by any one house in the interior of the State. Also a large stock of

Oil Cloths, Linoleum Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Plain and Fancy Matting.

All widths, Crumb Cloths, and everything else connected with a FIRST CLASS CARPET HOUSE.

Received this Day—A Large Stock of BODY BRUSSELLS.

With Borders to Match. We have the finest stock of these goods ever shown in this market. All the above goods will be sold at the very lowest Net Cash Prices.

SMITH & BOSTWICK. APRIL 16th, 1881.

L. R. TREAT,

WEST END SHOE HOUSE!

33

WEST MILWAUKEE STREET.

GOOD GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

GOOD FOR 60 DAYS!

On Account of the late and short Summer season, I offer my Assortment of SUMMER GOODS at Greatly Reduced PRICES.

Come and See Me Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

FRED SONNEBORN, THE STAR CLOTHIER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1881

THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

Through the casement rose dawn
Already stealing with morning ray
Let's to the forge and wake the iron
With hoarse voice and loud lay!

Bellows, blow, and furnace, smoke!
Send the glowing metal smelt!
Hammer, fall with telling stroke!
Sing to my anvil's merry tune!

Strike with the iron's hot
Strike with the iron's hot!

With lusty stroke my hammer rings:
Strike hard! 'tis for your chubby boy,
Who to his mother fondly clings
And trills his cooing note of joy.

Thanks to the sweat that bathes my face,
The paths of learning he shall tread,
And knowledge make her dwelling place
Within my darling's fair young head!

Labor into the heart give ease,
And with our daily bread supply
It feeds the charm of his sweet face,
My wife, my household deity!

Our hands were never formed to make
Muskets or sword blades, bolts or chains;
God gave us arms for labor's sake,
Our minds for love's dark ocean plains!

Now all the day for duty pursue
Some darling home, some cherished end—
Old hearts, who have but power in love,
Young hearts, who love's soft call attend;

You, who would wield the pen or sword—
Swords and foils, pen and pencil—
Of wisdom what my anvil rings!
Strike with the iron's hot!

Strike with the iron's hot!
Strike with the iron's hot!

JOHN'S WIFE.

Whatever possessed brother John to go up to the city and marry that little yellow-haired, blue-eyed bit of a school girl, when he could have just had his pick of girls nearer home, was something I never could understand. There was Lida, Hansdora, and so on, in love with him, anybody could see, and the best bread-maker in the whole county, besides taking prizes at the State Fair for pickles and jellies, and ever so much better looking, too, than Myra. No yellow bangs over her eyes, she just combed her hair back off her face and did it up in a hard knot that stuck.

She sent John a birth-day cake, and knit him a comforter, and everybody thought it would be match, but John said he didn't like her eyes; they were handsome eyes, to my idea, and could look you through and through, they were that clear and bright; but did you ever know a man to take advice? "Marry that fellow," said John, "and never have any peace of my life; well, I guess not," and with that he went to town and telegraphed back, "expect me and my wife." Dear! such a shock as it gave me, and our spring cleaning not done, and the minister coming to board with us while his wife went home on a visit—it was a trial, you may be sure!

And when she did come, it was more like having a was doll in the way than anything else, with her big, wondering eyes, and childish ways, and silly questions, and hanging on John's arm, and leaning over John's chair, with two little insignificant feet in the rungs at the back, and her clothes! Such falls, just like a doll's rigging, and I just set my foot down that if she was to live with us, she must conform to our ways. I hadn't been forty years in this world for nothing. If she wanted to wear fine, white lace and ruffled aprons, she had to wash and iron them herself. I wouldn't be her slave. And such silly questions she asked, they just made me sick!

"Where there any dear little yellow chicks?"

Dear little yellow chicks, indeed! they were dear enough, before we raised them and got them heads off, and had them ready for market, and if that silly child didn't sit down and cry because they were killed; said she had named every one of them and watched them grow up. And she our John's wife! bah!

Then she did the silliest thing of all; went and bought a book called, "What I Know About Farming," and read it out under a tree, and under the big tree, and one night when she went down to the barn to meet John I heard her ask:

"John! why don't you get a washing machine, and a wringer, and save your own flesh and blood. Look at the blisters on my hands!"

And the next thing it was the talk of the neighborhood that we Elliotts, who had set our faces against all improvements, had given out before that little pale-faced thing, and not only got a wringer and washer in our kitchen, but several hundred dollars' worth of farm machinery at work. John said he could afford it, but I spoke my mind and told her what I thought of it after he went out to his work. She looked kind of frightened, and pretended she was going to cry, and then she spoke up quick like and said:

"Sister Janet, it's a triumph of mind over matter. You can wash now, and not be all tired out, and sick and nervous, and—John can afford it."

Perhaps if I had known that John had paid for it all, and it hadn't cost John a cent, I might have been more forgiving, but I just straightened up and said: "Mrs. Elliott, you may go on and ruin your husband with school ideas, but as for me I'll never touch the things. I can work, thank goodness, while I've got my health. I wasn't brought up in idleness."

ing away, with a large package in her hand, and soon John came up with the ponies, and they drove off to town together, laughing like two children. I hope none of the neighbors noticed them. Anyway, they never saw him conduct himself in that way with me.

When they came home she was all tired out, and they had a big roll of stuff they dumped down in the entry.

"It's something for you, Janet, she said, laughing hysterical-like. 'It's carpet-rags.'"

I unrolled it, and there were twenty yards of bright grain carpet!

"Myra," said I, "this is wicked extravagance, for I knew her money was all paid out."

"But it isn't," she said, laughing, "I earned it myself by drawing and painting those bits of sketches. I sold them all, and can sell all I can do. That was my way of cutting carpet-rags."

Well, we put the carpet down, and it did look pretty—though I didn't say so. It isn't my way to spoil anybody with flattery, and I saw John's wife was getting the upper hand to some extent. The neighbors were beginning to notice her, and that foolish old minister, when his wife came back, had been over there; and she led the singing in church, and pretended she had got religion, and all the time she never scrubbed a floor or washed a dish, or put her hand to the churn.

"John can afford to keep hired help," she said to me one day, "and I'm not very strong, and my mother died of consumption." Then she began to cry like a baby, and John came in and looked at me as if it was my doing.

I must say she could succeed in doing all sorts of useless things—raising flowers in every nook and corner, making pets of all the animals, and painting, or playing on the organ. She was real ornamental, and I supposed some folks thought she was a good thing for John. I don't know that she made me much work, either. She did her own washing as long as John would let her, and kept her room neat enough, though it was mostly littered up with flowers and birds and her sketches, and at first she sung from morning till night, and she did have a real lovely voice, I'll allow her that, but after awhile she didn't sing, and didn't talk much, and then John began taking her meals up to her. The first time I saw him getting a tray ready, I said:

"It's a good thing you were brought up to be handy, John, seeing you've got an invalid wife."

He didn't say anything then, but a few days after he came to me and said: "Janet, get a girl as soon as you can, and let Aunt Betsy come over and stay with Myra; she is nervous and low spirited, and needs company."

Well, I suppose you've guessed the upshot of it all; a little daughter was born to John, and it seemed to me that a miracle was worked in the house. Perhaps I had never really loved John's wife—she was so different in her ways from me—but when I heard that baby cry I felt thrilled to my very soul, and I just threw my work upon my head and cried for the first time in years.

Myra didn't get strong, and the days went on and still she didn't get up, and I felt as if it was my duty to go and tell her that she couldn't be helped, and let strangers take care of her child, and that she'd never get strong till she got out, but I made up my mind to speak in a gentler sort of way. I had been thinking it over and about concluded to let Myra live her own way and not try to make her over, especially since John seemed so well satisfied with her, and I went upstairs and opened the door softly and stepped inside. John was standing in one window looking out at the sunset—it was all red and gold, and the room was in a flame; he turned as I came in, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. I never saw John cry before since he was a grown man!

"What is it?" I whispered, going up close to him.

"I made a motion with the back of his head toward the bed. I went over there. Aunt Betsy was in a rocker by the side of it reading the Bible. Myra was looking at the sunset, then at her baby's sleeping face. I'm not dull to see things, and I saw there what made my heart turn cold—it was the valley of the shadow of death!

That all happened these years ago. There is a simple rustic cross up on the grave-yard with "Myra" carved on it, and little Myra and I go up there every Sunday and carry flowers to decorate it, and the dear child sits in my lap and puts her blessed little arms about my neck and whispers: "Auntie, talk about my mamma in Heaven," and I tell how patient and gentle she was, and how she sung and played, and how she shall be the very same thing some day. For I know, now, that flowers are as necessary to God's creation as the wood and grain, and the least little thing that makes sunshine in the world is of great value in the dark places, and I feel sure, when I look up to the hills she loved, that Myra has reached far-off Heaven before me. Perhaps—perhaps, she will precede for me there.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Few Words to the Girls.

In the first place, remember that you are ladies, and therefore entitled to such little courtesies as the gentlemen have to show to boys. Never return thanks for any of those attentions. Why should you thank gentlemen for giving you what is already yours by right of sex?

Remember, also, that a pretty hand is one of woman's chiefest charms. Never assist your mother in her household duties. It doesn't so much matter how her hand is soiled by hard work. She is out of the market. As for the standing articles of your faith that men are all fools, you do right in fitting yourself for your companionship.

Learn to be as like them as possible. They seem generally in love with themselves, and it naturally follows that they must admire anything that reminds them of the object of their love.

Make yourself proficient in slang language. It is really jolly, and can be acquired by the shallowest-brained ones among you. It is useful in all varieties of conversation, and by frequent use it will prevent tiresome talkers boring you to death with their profundities.

When in company or any public place, get together, two or three of you, and giggle consciously. This will show your vivacity. Vivacity is an excellent thing in woman.

Among women, whispering will serve you, but among men, talk right out. It is your duty to be attractive, and by loud talking you attract attention more easily than by any other means. Two young ladies in a rail car are sometimes so attractive that not a newspaper can be read understandingly by any one of the men passengers.

Never read anything solid, anything requiring thought. Thought brings wrinkles, and wrinkles are horrid.

There is no need of your knowing anything. If you should become wise, you might, when married, discover your

husband to be a fool. It is much better for him to think you one. You will live all the happier.

Never mind the inside of your head, so that the outside is attractive. Women and pictures are intended for admiration. Who ever heard of a picture poring over a dusty old book?

Woman is the weaker vessel. Never take exercise. It might give you muscles. Men dislike strong-bodied almost as much as they do strong-minded women. It seems to detract from their own strength.

When you are married, your husband will furnish you with the funds for dyspepsia remedies. So you need not be anxious on that score.

Never mind what your mother says against flirting. There is no occasion for her to indulge in that kind of fun.

When a strange man accosts you in the street or on the car, smile at him in an audible tone, giggle with all your might, and look around once or twice, and when you catch his eye, giggle again. It is fine fun, and by adopting this course you will have plenty of it.

In your clothing, always strive to be "toned." Never mind your health. Better be dead than out of style.

Besides, the doctors must have a living. If you should cure a case of dyspepsia, you would starve to death, and the other half be forced to take refuge in the poor-house.

Always go to church. It is a splendid place to show your bonnet. In order that nobody shall miss seeing it, make yourself as conspicuous as possible. You can do this by rustling the leaves of the hymn-book, playing with your fan, jingling your bangles, and constantly turning about in your pew.

If you are employed in a store, never talk of anything but shop when outside of it. No matter whether others enjoy it or not. So long as you are interested, what matter? Do not other people talk of things in which you are wholly uninterested?

While neglecting your health so far as dressing is concerned, be watchful in another direction. Remember that sleep is tired nature's sweet restorer. Therefore, lie abed till eight o'clock in the morning. Your mother will see that your breakfast is ready for you long before you are ready for it.

Honor your father's pocket-book and your mother's cooking, that you may never want for new dresses nor be obliged to cook for yourself.

Wear bangs, high heels, close-fitting corsets and all kindred abominations.

Chew gum.

Follow these directions, and you will in time marry some fool and be miserable ever after.—*Boston Transcript.*

War Without Its Glitter.

The project on foot in England to abolish regimental colors is a significant illustration of the utilitarian spirit now gaining control of the profession of arms.

One of the first aims of this unscientific view of war was to reduce the pretensions of the bayonet. This instrument is at best only the ancient spear, attached to that considerably more important weapon, the rifle; yet it was long the fashion to extol the prowess of "the cold steel" in battle, as if far more terrible than any weapon whose efficiency was based only on the explosive force of gunpowder.

The civil war destroyed some of this illusion for American soldiers. Surgical records showed the bayonet wounds treated in camps and hospitals to be an insignificant fraction of the whole; while the experience of many battles developed the fact that the so-called bayonet charge is usually performed with the gun slung across the shoulder, much like a parader's torch, and in most cases, with the bayonet partially retracted in its scabbard. It was the rush, the steel, that decided successful charges, in all but exceptional instances. Accordingly, in some inventions, the bayonet has been turned into a sort of trenching spade, or anything but a weapon for impaling the enemy. In no service, doubtless, is the bayonet wholly discarded; but, in these days of destructive long-range firing, with repeating rifles, and rifles chiefly for parades and guard duty.

A second move has been to abolish the cavalry saber, which, in our country at least, where cavalry are for the most part mounted infantry, is more ornamental than useful. Many old cavalry officers bitterly oppose this disuse of their distinctive arm; but practically the cavalry in Indian campaigning rely on their carbines.

The saber is an empty thing, and hence, though it need not be wholly discarded, it is likely to be used only for drills and parades, and on a few extra occasions, as in riot duty. Its ancient prestige is gone.

The rataplan of the Frenchman's drum is gone, too. It was strange to see France, of all nations, abandoning this instrument. But General Freney was inexorable, and ordered it discontinued in the Freney army. The drummer is held to be a man whose only function is to make a noise; and of this there is always a supply in battle without him. It is certain that he has a clumsy instrument to carry about, and that he often manages to drop it somewhere in the rear.

The reason for the downfall of the drum is even more utilitarian. Everything required of it can be performed by the bugle; and the bugler can also carry a rifle, while the drummer cannot. Hence France bids farewell to the spirit-stirring drum, and all its martial associations are relentlessly swept away.

Big epaulettes long ago gave way to simple shoulder straps, and the huge bearskin caps of Frederick's grenadiers are but rarely seen. To overawe by personal appearance is no longer the military aim. Even the Chinese have ceased to rely on gongs, and put their faith in breech-loading guns. The imposing knapsack of former days is going the way of other old devices. Our volunteer soldiers learned that the blanket, tied diagonally across the body, would convey their few toilet articles and their food and water on the march, without a box strapped upon the back. Cross belts and brasses, once sacred, are by degrees following the fate of pipe clay and pigtail.

One of the developments of this tendency to rub off the gloss from the fighting business is the movement to put an end to distinctive corps uniforms. This innovation is bitterly contested wherever tried.

There may be, perhaps, some unlooked-for results in this modern tendency to destroy the pomp and circumstance of war, and to put everything on a business basis. Most war is savagery; and when its glamour is destroyed, and the combatants made to appear like mere fighting appliances, plucked of sentiment, its real nature may be better appreciated.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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